

Avatar of the Left-Hand Path: CHARLES GATEWOOD

# ART?

K 46306 #6

A L T E R N A T I V E S

## CULT RAPTURE: REVELATIONS OF THE APOCALYPTIC MIND

*Plus*

Jean Bastarache

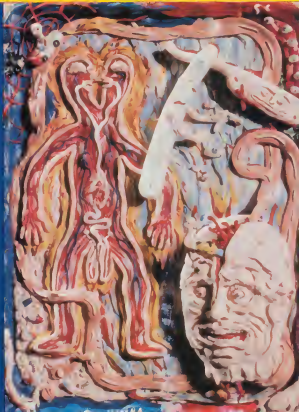
Dr. Good's Klinik

Winston Smith

Rich Rethorn

Greg Carter

UPDATE ON THE  
COMIC CRACKDOWN



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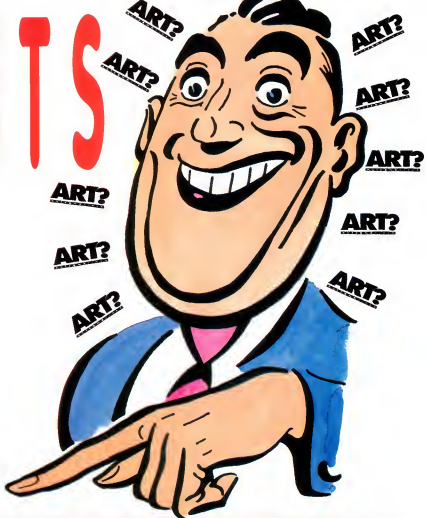
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# Images from Beneath: The Art of Jean Bastarache



By John Gunnin

A man steps away from the night shift production line of the Ford Motor Factory in Westland, Michigan. He walks outside and keeps on walking into the night. A month later he steps out of a loft in a crowded, run-down section of Los Angeles. He lives there and stays up all night feverishly painting surrealistic canvases. California is his new home. The man is Jean Bastarache.



"Partly Cloudy" - 30" x 36"



"Grounded" - 30" x 40"



"I Thought So" - 30" x 36"



"Rhino" - 10" x 12"



"Dollhouse" - 30" x 32"



"Group Session" - 36" x 32"



"A Bigger Appetite" - 36" x 32"



Untitled



"Hazie" - 32" x 36"



"Proper Place" - 30" x 36"



"Everything You Always Wanted" - 32" x 36"





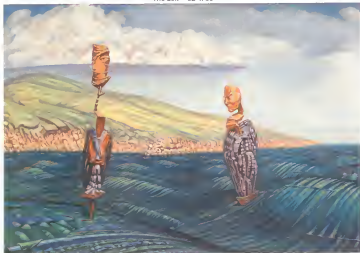
"No Vacancy" - 32" x 36"



"One Way Of Looking At It" - 32" x 36"



"The Loft" - 32" x 36"



"Making Waves" - 18" x 32"

An émigré from Midwestern suburbia, the artist speaks lovingly of his new environs: "The different cultures—here we are all mixed up. And the sun is always out." Nevertheless, he admits being haunted by the dark side of the city—the homelessness, the random violence.

Bastarache describes his old factory job in Kafkaesque terms. "It was a crazy feeling," he says, "like being trapped in hell. I worked from 6:00 in the afternoon to 4:30 in the morning. If you just wanted to go to the bathroom you had to get permission so someone else could take your place on the line. I used to make up excuses to get out of work and one day I ended up in a psychiatrist's office."

The art of Jean Bastarache seethes with the psychotic, the disturbed, and the problematical. His dismembered figures scream out with alienation and neurosis. Each image tells a story. The stories emerge as he paints. Sometimes a character barges in and takes over, forcing its personality into the drama.

His own psychiatric analysis provided a rich resource for the paintings. Mental anguish, depression, or anger sparked ideas that led to visual narratives. Psychiatrist and patient—depicted as ferocious mutations—occupy many of the canvases.

The son of a Ukrainian refugee and a Canadian lumberjack, Bastarache was born in 1955 in Montreal and still remains a Canadian citizen. As a frisky two-year-old he tripped over a humidifier and was burned so severely that his parents feared he would succumb. The burns healed.

The young Bastarache drank in all the wonders of nature. "I was always out in the woods behind the house," he recalls. "The woods—it's almost mythological. All kids should have the woods. My favorite time was when a new snow fell and clung to each twig."

The family had frequent reunions in New Brunswick. These often turned into bootenannies with all of his uncles and cousins playing guitars and banjos. "I had one uncle who painted," he remembers, "I was fascinated by the smell of linseed oil and turpentine. I would watch him work for hours. He was a tinner and a sign painter, too."

Bastarache's devotion to art grew in high school. As the 60's culture flowered he was drawn to psychedelia but never got into drugs. Simultaneously he elbowed his way into the role of first-string goalie on the local hockey team and even toyed with the idea of going pro. But after graduation he settled for the benefits of a regular paycheck—a house, a car, and all the toys. In exchange he promised himself to the factory each night.

His artistic urges could not be stifled. He enrolled at the *Center for Creative Studies* in Detroit. "One day," he remembers, "my teacher showed a film on Francis Bacon. I just freaked out over his work." Soon Bastarache's imagery swerved towards the twisted and angst-ridden.

Bastarache never found his niche in art school and eventually dropped out. Soon he began to feel as if the walls of the factory were closing in on him. Then the death of his father coupled with a marital separation plunged him into a deep depression. He came up for air on the West Coast.

The downtown loft proved to be a healthy change. He worked a day job—scenic painting for Hollywood TV shows—to pay the bills. Each evening he returned home

and painted long into the night. The paintings started to sell.

At this time, images of animals began to appear. "I've done a lot of paintings about animals," he says, "especially the way they always get the shaft. Animals are free by nature, then man comes along to use them for profit." The creatures in the paintings are confined in boxes or other compromising positions indicative of man's cruelty.

"When I was little we used to have picnics in this park," he recounts. "We were feeding this little chipmunk one day. It grew bolder and more at ease with us. Dad caught it and we took it home and kept it for a pet. I used to play a game where it would run circles around my electric train set and I would leap from one side to the other. One day I timed it wrong and landed on the chipmunk. He was squished dead. I walked away and just blanked it out of my mind. I just couldn't believe I did it."

This experience fermented in his unconscious mind before resurfacing. Now he intentionally sets out to dig up the woe and repressed. "Like the artists of surrealism, I start with automatic drawing. Then I look at it the next day and an action or personality usually steps forward."

The theme of control often surfaces in Bastarache's work. In *Groweddy*, for example, an adolescent boy is stuffed into the trash can. While Mom forces him to clean up his room, the walls hold projections of all the places he would rather be. Entrics struggle for power in these works, creating physical or psychic tension.

Bastarache recently entered into an collaboration with Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, painting copies of Old Master classics and then sending them off to be rat-fucked. It pleases Bastarache to work with Roth because he had closely followed the work of "Big Daddy" as a kid.

Bastarache abandoned his downtown loft several years ago for a quiet, palm-lined neighborhood in Venice Beach. He lives there with his wife and a yapping black poodle called Shasha. His back-room studio is cluttered with magazines and art supplies; medieval chants waft out of a small radio. His bicycle leans against the wall. Occasionally he rides several miles down a drainage ditch to look at the ocean, a subject that has been working its way into his latest paintings.

Laguna Art Museum trustee Greg Escalante calls the work of Bastarache "Newbrow" in reference to a group of artists who use crude, perverse, or humorous images of contemporary society without regard for what art critics (and the public) think is good. These same artists are often disdained by high-brow art collectors because of their emphasis on skilled draftsmanship. "But this is no drive-by movement," says Escalante. "If you jump ahead one hundred years, *Newbrow* will comment on the times, unlike the blue chip art that made the art market collapse in the late eighties. Minimalism, Abstract Expressionism, and Pop are boring—they have nowhere to go."

Surrealism—though officially out of vogue—is a worthy vehicle to plumb the unconscious and all that bumps about there. Jean Bastarache is driven down into that land by his own demons. He paints them and then returns. The results may be seen at the Julie Rico Gallery, 2623 Main St., Santa Monica, CA 90405, (310) 399-1177.

•

# That's NOT! Funny!

by ART  
A  
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**A**s we watch our freedom of choice and right to self-determination slowly spiral down the toilet like so many flushed turds, it's heartening to hear about organized efforts to protect our few remaining privileges. The **Comic Book Legal Defense Fund** fights those watchdogs of "morality" who are determined to regulate or eliminate our options, for our own good.

Comic books are one of many targeted mediums police and prosecutors nation-wide are censoring and in some cases, prohibiting. Accused of being allegedly "harmful to adults" (yeah, right—but cigarettes and guns are protected by the Constitution) are comics by some of the best cartoonists of our time: Robert Crumb, Jaime and Gilbert Hernandez, Reed Waller, among others.

Founded six years ago, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund finances the escalating legal battles concerning cartoonists' freedom of speech. Their guiding principle is that comics should be accorded the same Constitutional rights as literature, film, or any other form of expression.

The CBLDF's caseload doubled in 1993-94. The following are some case examples. You'd better sit down, kids.

- **Sarasota, FLA.** Timothy Parks, manager of Comic Book Heaven, is found guilty on two of seven counts of displaying obscene material to minors. Comic books. Parks was sentenced to two years in jail. Bond was denied and he currently resides in the Sarasota County Greybar Hotel, pending an appeal. Two years for being the schmuck that arranges comic books on the rack.

- **Chino Hills, CA.** The manager of City Comics grudgingly cops a plea for selling two adult comics to a minor. The minor was 17 and carrying fake ID, a decoy in a police sting operation initiated when a few local yokels complained the store sold comics that were

too violent for children. *Spider-Man* was cited as an example. Subsequently the City Council passed a regulation requiring special licenses for "minor oriented businesses". The seven months City Comics was forced to wait pending approval of their "special license" effectively forced them out of business (way to go, Chino Hills City Council—now **that's** how the game's played!).

- **San Francisco, CA.** The State Board of Equalization says comic book original pages don't carry the literary weight of an author's manuscript, they're merely commercial illustrations (i.e., Judah Kravitz is an artist and Art Spiegelman's a hack). Using this determination, the BOE claims Paul Mazurkes (co-creator of *The Fabulous Freak Brothers*) owes back taxes for years of publishing royalties. If this becomes a precedent, all California cartoonists will have to pay this tax.

- **Large, FLA.** Michael Diana is found guilty on three counts of obscenity for publishing, distributing and advertising his *fauxnae* (which has a print-run of roughly 300), *Boiled Angel*. Some conditions of his 3 year probation: he's required to pay a \$3,000 fine, undergo psychological evaluation, perform 8 hours of community service every week, have no contact with children under 18 years of age, take a course in Journalism Ethics (at his expense) and not draw any obscene material while on probation, **even for personal use** (this last provision is monitored by arbitrary searches of his home—and they don't need no stinking warrants!). An appeal is planned.

The CBLDF needs money to fight these and other battles. They ask that everyone who cares about comics and free speech support them by purchasing their very P.C. merchandise ("I read banned comics" buttons & T-shirts) or just throwing some bucks their way. For more info call 800-992-2533 or write: Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, P.O. Box 693, Northampton, MA 01051. •

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## The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund

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# IT'S OBSCENE!!

**1990** TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD FLORIDA ARTIST MIKE DIANA PHOTOCOPIES HIS COMIX ZINE "BOILED ANGEL"...



**1994** MIKE IS FOUND GUILTY OF PUBLISHING, ADVERTISING, AND DISTRIBUTING OBSCENE MATERIAL, AND IS PLACED IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY JAIL FOR 3 DAYS WITHOUT BAIL AS HE AWAITS SENTENCING!



IN 1990 FLORIDA STATE OFFICIALS CAME ACROSS "BOILED ANGEL" WHILE CHASING DOWN LEADS IN THE GAINESVILLE SERIAL MURDER CASE...



AFTER TRACKING DOWN DIANA AND GIVING HIM A BLOOD TEST, INVESTIGATORS CONCLUDED THAT MIKE AND HIS ZINE HAD NOT COMMITTED THE MURDERS!



THEY PASSED A COPY OF BOILED ANGEL ALONG TO THE LOCAL SHERIFF'S OFFICE. THERE IT FELL INTO THE HANDS OF ONE OF PINELLAS COUNTY'S "INTELLIGENCE" OFFICERS...



POSING AS A ZINE FAN, THE OFFICER CORRESPONDED WITH MIKE AND ORDERED THE NEXT TWO ISSUES OF "BOILED ANGEL"...



NEARLY TWO YEARS AFTER THEY HAD FIRST SEEN THE ZINE, THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE SUDDENLy CONCLUDED...



ENTER ASSISTANT STATE ATTORNEY STUART BAGGISH (MORAL GUARDIAN)



ON MARCH 22<sup>ND</sup> 1994 THE "BOILED ANGEL" TRIAL BEGAN. I WAS ASKED TO FLY DOWN TO FLORIDA TO TESTIFY AS AN EXPERT COMIX AND ILLUSTRATION WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE ALONG WITH FACTSHEET EDITOR SETH FRIEDMAN, AMONG OTHERS...



THE PROSECUTION BROUGHT IN THEIR "EXPERT" ART WITNESSES FROM A LOCAL CHRISTIAN COLLEGE...



DURING MY TWO HOUR TESTIMONY I POINTED OUT:



THE DEFENSE LAWYER, LIKE LIROY, MADE HIS CLOSING ARGUMENT...



OUT BAGGISH HAD THE LAST WORD



30 MINUTES LATER, A "JURY OF PEERS" RETURNED WITH THE VERDICT:



THE "CONFERENCE" INCLUDED:  
 • \$3,000 FINE  
 • 3 YEARS PROBATION  
 • STAY-AWAY ORDER FROM ANYONE UNDER 18  
 • CANNY CREeps ANYTHING "OBSCENE" EVER FOR HIMSELF!  
 • GREETED TO HOUSE SEARCHED WITHOUT A WARRANT TO VERIFY THAT HE COMPLIES!



For more information or Donations to help his appeal call Susan Alston at  
 The COMIC BOOK LEGAL DEFENSE FUND 1-800-992-2533

ORIGINAL PUBLISHED BY THE PRESS FOR PEACE

# BULLET & BORED

**stuff that didn't fit anywhere else**

## WHERE THE HELL IS PEDRO BELL?

Drawmaster General of the felt-tip fantasies flung across the covers of many a P-Funk album. A liner note linguist who formulated cosmic law by uniting mind-warp galactic graphics with motorbooty mythology. The Emir of Interstellar Infotainment for the Funkified Few. Can you hear me, Captain Draw?

Maybe the crew here at *Art? Alternatives* just can't surf the Splank-wave like we used to—our attempts to give Bell his props have proved to be futile. Any 411 on this master of the Magic Marker would be greatly appreciated.

---

## NOBODY'S PERFECT

In issue #4, page 24 of the Charles Burns article, the "Resin Model from Teen Plague" picture was incorrectly identified as "Photo by Lisa Hanna". The caption should have read, "Sculpture by Lisa Hanna". We apologize for the error.

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## SHOW US YOUR STUFF

*Art? Alternatives* is dedicated to showcasing the work of artists known and unknown, exploring diverse mediums of expression and continuously revising the perimeters of art.

Freelance submissions are welcome but return postage must be included if you want your stuff returned. No responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials.

We encourage everyone to submit slides, photos, xeroxes, manuscripts, etc. for consideration. Each piece should be identified by title—and what you're working in, dimensions and year if it's relevant. A bio and/or artistic statement are appreciated. Please bear in mind that we need to keep submissions on file for several months—so don't send anything you can't live without.

**SEND TO:** *Art? Alternatives*, Submissions, 450 Seventh Avenue #2305, New York, NY 10123-2305.

# The Hope of Ground Zero: Winston Smith



By Alice Joanou

"Act of God", 1987



"The Futility of a Well-Ordered Life", 1989



"Another Day at the Office", 1986



"Welcome to the World", 1985



"Idol (Dead Kennedy's Version)", 1979 & 1981





"I Behold You in a Dream", 1962



"Eclipse of the Gods (Pyramid Power)", 1967



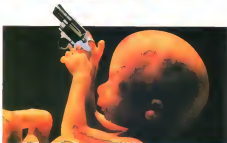
"What a Friend We Have in Cheeses", 1965



"The Money Tree", 1963



"I Do B'lieve I'll Wok the Dog", 1966



"Fetui Attraction", 1965



"Faz Americana", 1955



"Neanderthals Attacking the Constitution", 1955



"How About a Little Safe Sex?", 1957

*"It is by the force of images that, in the course of time, real revolutions are made."*  
- Andre Breton

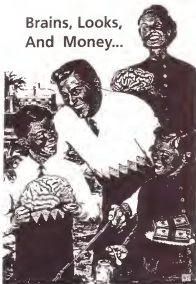
Winston Smith is a rather soft-spoken man who at first conceals the razor-blade wielding magician that seems to live in his head. It is hard to believe that he's the one behind all these wonderfully chaotic collages because he is so calm, while his work has a nearly claustrophobic urgency about it. His whole manner calls to mind a Jello Biafra interview, where Biafra is quoted as saying that Smith is the most punk-minded person he knows (Winston being the primary artist for the Dead Kennedy's album covers, as well as designing the graphics for the other bands on Biafra's label, Alternative Tentacles).

Most of his manicured laser prints were created under what Winston likes to call nineteenth century conditions, as he spends the better part of every year at his ranch in Northern California appropriately named Ground Zero. At Ground Zero, there is no electricity, no running water, no nothing ... just Winston (the Pope), thousands of old magazines and a kerosene lamp.

There is no cohesive methodology of process in Winston's creations. He once tried to organize the things that he cut out, but it seemed to interfere with the usual method of his work. He views the process of cut and pasting as an act of creation through the destruction of the previously cohesive images culled from old publications, mainly *Life* magazine. Much of his work is informed by what he sees as political absurdities and ridiculous social conventions. It's interesting that he gravitates aesthetically to the sickly saccharine suburban illustrations of the fifties and early sixties, for it is the ethics and morality of that time that his work effectively dismantles and mocks.

When he begins a piece, he doesn't have a rigid concept of where he's going until he's arrived. "There seems to be a spontaneous visual synchronicity that occurs while I work. Organizing all the elements; like all the Fords will go in this envelope, all the birds go over here ... It just seemed to undermine the flow of the work." The work is not complete until it has been reproduced with a xerox machine. Last Gasp has published a collection of Winston's visual cosmos, a book wryly titled "Act Like Nothing's Wrong". To contact Winston or order your full color reproductions in his fab book write: Last Gasp, PO Box 410067, San Francisco, CA 94141-0067.

## Brains, Looks, And Money...



"Who Could Ask For More?", 1990



"Outside Agitators", 1979

# ART ADDICT



I was a professional scrimshander (ivory engraver) for 13 years and still do some engraving on ivory, bone, antler and horn. I'm a tattooist as well. I gather my ideas from all that's around me and digest everything from crappy cartoons to renaissance masters. I have what Robt. Williams calls a "Visual Addiction." Some of my ideas come from dreams, fevers, drugs and other altered states of consciousness. I write them down and do rough sketches in a little book I call my "Commonplace Book" (after H.P. Lovecraft's idea).

I think art is finally taking a swing back in the direction of developing out of common cultural sym-

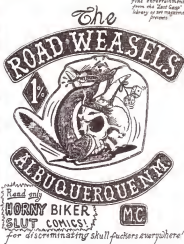
bols and ideas. Art has been high falutin' for too long. I think (we're) understanding that the artist who is here now, with his society at the present moment, is just as important as the noble but long-dead masters.

That's why I like low-brow, alternative art. It's visceral and seminal. It comes up from the loins and heart and soul of common people. What do you think archeologists thousands of years from now will dig up more of, Picassos or tattoo flash? \*

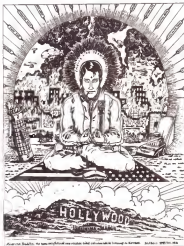
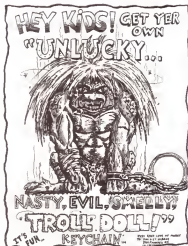
*David St. Albans can be reached at Taboo Kulture, his tattoo/art studio. The phone number is (505) 275-2362. \**

# David St. Albans





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# The Good Doctor's Visceral Visuals Mischa Good's Swiss Klinik

by ART  
A  
T

The defining moment in Swiss clay-sculptor Mischa Good's (pronounced "god") development as an artist-cum-social pariah was the brief but idyllic time spent in the company of an uncle who worked in a morgue. One can only imagine

the rapturous hours young Mischa spent in the beauty shop of the dead, watching his uncle dissect, desiccate, disembowel and then tidy up, corpse after corpse. This formative period may have ignited his life-long desire to be a surgeon—

a career that would allow him, no **encourage** him, to slice open human beings and play with their parts. It certainly shaped his fascination with the human body (*not so much figure and physique as frenum and fibula*) into the entrail-laden obsession it is today.

With the onset of puberty, Good's gut-love meshed with his blossoming interest in sex, manifesting into a full-blown fetish—a copulation/mutilation type thang; flesh and boner, if you will. A teenager with a hard-on for human viscera was somewhat less than

acceptable in Good's hometown on the Rhine. Like many a mad doctor before him, the townspeople and his family shunned him, ostracized him and finally drove him from the village.

Seeking acceptance from the medical community, Good moved to Zürich

and opened his Klinik. It's here, for the glory of art and science, Herr Doktor creates his own medical specimens, *modellifications*...molding PVC clay into mutated sex maniacs, chainsaw wielding body parts and the occasional treacherous T-



Bone steak. •

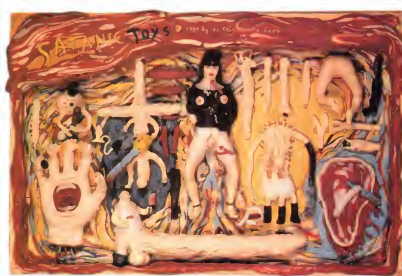
*Mischa Good is represented in the U.S. by Lurker Grand, 192 Avenue B #3A, NYC, 10009, phone: (212) 460-5632. Or write him directly at: The Dr. Good Klinik, Hardturmstrasse 66, 8005 Zürich, Switzerland, phone: (011) 41-1-271-6027.*





Cover art, W.U.R.M. (World Uppercase, Resistance Magazine), Switzerland, 1993.











# ART *in an* Intangible Realm

By Jean-Chris Miller

## GREG CARTER'S COMPUTERIZED CREATIVITY

The realm of computer imaging poses a unique dilemma to the art world. The very act of creation takes place in an intangible world of software; construction and technique are obscured in a maze of programs and commands. Creativity happens somewhere behind the computer screen, an impenetrable wall that denies the viewer access to the artistic process, resulting in a sense of disconnection from the work.

Greg Carter successfully smashes through this barrier with his computer "paintings" (quotation marks are his), provoking an emotional response. His work reveals a vivid dreamscape of distorted perspective and jarring locales, populated by unsettling inhabitants, in a realm more than slightly askew.

Carter muses,

"Maybe I'm trying to interpret what adulthood might be like beneath the veneer. These issues return time and time again to equity, domination and conformity. But most often to the vague sense of a meance that is beyond one's control. Putting a face on that specter is at the root of my images. I'm sure that I'm not the best authority on 'adulthood'—what with my pre-occupation on things 'non-adult'—but this appears the turf that I've stake out for myself."

That Carter successfully conveys these issues via the detached medium of computer aided design shows not only technical proficiency but absolute artistry. C.A.D. by it's very nature counteracts attempts to make highly personal-

ized work, after all, we're all using essentially the same programs and manipulation is limited by the confines of keyboards, printers and monitors.

"Because my work eschews the current computer-based image stereotypes—no liquid metal, no fractals, no art brut 1-bit pixilation, no morphed images, no off-the-

shelf fall image filters, no texture mapped wire models or flying logos—I hope to offer computer based artists a fresh perspective on an infrequently explored option. My images retain the obvious mark of their creator rather than the mark of the software filter that mapped their surfaces. My computer 'painting' exists outside the mainstream of computer imaging, but it is still worth considering because of its ties to other more fully realized media, and because of my basic mistrust of any easy path to success."

Carter feels it's necessary (and maybe inevitable) that people get over "... requiring the 'art' label be stamped upon their endeavors for them to be worthy of serious critical attention. People are advancing the culture on new fronts today that do not easily fall into the 'art' context. The 'art' world is puffing itself up (hopefully for the last time) trying to protect its little patch of turf."

Greg Carter can occasionally be coaxed from the dull glow of his computer screen and spoken to by calling 919-469-3859 (daytime only). \*





"A Hard Rain is Gonna Come To Your Trailer Park"



"Exterminator"



"Eyeballs, Eyeballs, Everywhere"



"Progress Tree"



"The Visseccionist-Version 2"



"The Kitchen Sitter"



"The Benevolent Composite"



"Down Of The Extroptian Muses"



"The Vividactional-Version 1"



"The Garden"



Untitled





"My Name is Vanna"



THE PARTY BOYS  
© GREG CARTER 1992



Untitled



"The Harbor"

# CULT RAPTURE

## REVELATIONS of the APOCALYPTIC MIND

BY ADAM PARFREY

"Cult Rapture"—an exhibition of art and propaganda from survivalists, fundamentalists, UFO contactees, right/left wing terrorists, occult mystics, New Age catastrophists and other apocalyptic devotees—is the culmination of five years of research by Adam Parfrey (author of the influential underground classic *"Apocalypse Culture"*). An accompanying book, also called *"Cult Rapture"*, will be published in tandem with the exhibit. The show debuts September 16, 1994 at Seattle's Center of Contemporary Art (COCA), runs through October 1994, and will hopefully travel to other cities.

For several years I've been seething with the idea of throwing together all end-time energies under one roof, so with the help of my artist friend Charles Kraft, I convinced the board at Seattle's Center on Contemporary Art to allow me to bring together this helter-skelter collection of crazies under the tip "Cult Rapture".

As a connoisseur of apocalyptic phenomena, there's not a better place to be than America today. America is like an enormous version of the Gong Show, featuring all sorts of believers gone on doctrine, anticipating an epiphany at that once-in-a-thousand-year event known as the "millennium". Some are pulling farther inward, obsessing on visions of death, with death itself viewed as a sort of apotheosis; cosmic types view ecstacy as a sort of rebirth, and millions are revved up, pulling for apocalypse to occur—with the Waco inferno our own government should

take a bow among all the provocateurs. The disparate groups represented in "Cult Rapture" may be either benign or malevolent, mad or sane. The ideas represent beliefs circulating in the world today.

"Cult Rapture" contains an extremely broad range of opinion, including those supporting the prevailing power structure. Pro-police artist Dick Kenner, a former corporate illustrator, has found a lucrative niche mythologizing the role of the military police in fully-uniformed, heroic action poses.

The S.W.A.T. men believe today's society has become so rotten and degenerate that the conspicuous presence of military-style police officers is a necessary measure. Nearly all express profound alienation from the rest of the world.

Several declare, "Cops are the only real people left." Their open and shut fatalism almost precisely mirrors those on the other side of the picture—the Branch Davidians and other Christian Patriots who believe the Establishment itself is little more than a facade for Satanic maneuverings.

Christian Patriots agree that the Constitution is a divinely inspired document and that the second amendment is inviolable, in contrast to the subsequently-enacted Constitutional amendment that created the Internal Revenue Service. They're a social breed, attuned to any rumor or innuendo, remarkably credulous if this information fits the profile of their inclinations, but distrustful, as we all should be, of Governmental chicanery. They're convinced that they're currently engaged in a millennial battle between the forces of good versus the forces of evil (God vs. Satan).

A homegrown Patriot industry has sprouted up, disseminating anti-government pamphlets, posters, books and musical cassettes. The highly-publicized siege on the





Branch Davidian compound near Waco, Texas provoked an outcry and similar homegrown products: videocassettes, t-shirts and a full-blown CD featuring sermons by David Koresh. This is the millennial version of '60's counter-culturalism.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all Patriot conspiracy magazines is a thick, weekly newspaper called *Contact*, whose masthead proclaims, "Ye Shall Know the Truth and the Truth Shall Make You Mad!" As a year-long subscriber, I'm not sure in what manner the truths in *Contact* are supposed to make me mad. Mad as in angry, or insane? I think it's the latter. The sheer volume of material tends to create a sense of hopelessness rather than anger. Pieces such as the one on the "Monarch Project", which purports to expose an official U.S. program to create multiple generations of abused children for the sake of Satanic sacrifice, are mind-blowing. The star author of *Contact* is a commander of the Pleiades star system named "Hakona", whose mission to sniff out the enemies, culturally and politically, of the "New World Order culture".

Alien intelligences are a special flavor of cataclysmic thought. New gnostic bibles are transmitted through channels, mixing Christianity with UFOlogy, religion with folklore.

Among the astonishing array of alien contactee organizations, only one rates inclusion in "Cult Rapnare": UNARIUS (which is the ostensible acronym for Universal Articulate Interdimensional Understanding of Science). Presided over by the 94-year-old Ruth Norman, or the Archangel Uriel, UNARIUS holds that space brethren will soon return in gigantic spaceships, initiating an era of peace, prosperity and enlightenment. The doddering Uriel is held in awe by students as the angel who tamed Satan and the emissary of cosmic forces. Students celebrate the life of the Archangel Uriel both in paintings and psychodramatic videotapes—the hermetic, prolific and often unintentionally funny creative output of the Urielians is singularly impressive.

And to prove apocalyptic

Below, further instructions for care of spider and doll. Right, scorpion crafted by Manson

from string



the spider sits  
up on its legs

Now the trick to the act of it is the  
setting of the picture. TIME  
the more you set & prep the place  
the more form it takes - Nails  
up sides down - the feet are to  
go like then set  
like the effect is  
standing as a ~~black~~ black   
then the Bal goes under the arm  
like then the hair is like at  
first mild then gently  
put it around to  
form over the heart & saw  
until it looks like this



& it comes  
around to  
blend in  
with the  
fing DOVE

Illustrated letter from Charles Manson.



"Hard", necro art by George Higham, 1991.



"Flayed Fetus", neo art by George Higham, 1993.



Cover of a Branch Davidian pamphlet, published shortly before David Koresh took command of the sect.



"Miracles For Sale", painting by Joe Coleman, 1994.

outsiders can be successfully integrated into the art continuum, "Cult Rapture" includes a half-dozen major paintings by Joe Coleman. The largest pieces form a triptych, displaying Joe as the Christ/Satan geek Dr. Mombocoon, flanked by the presence of his parents (the painting "Mommy/Daddy") and his revisionist portrait of Christ, titled "Man of Sorrows". Additionally, Coleman's vision of overpopulation and human detritus, "God Bless Us Everyone", his portrait of literary misanthrope Louis-Ferdinand Celine and an amazing rendering of Freaks satour Tod Browning in the brand new painting, "Miracles For Sale", are shown.

As we see with Coleman, apocalyptic expectation is not confined to born-again or Christian Patriots. A political group, The Universal Order, formed by followers of Charles Manson and neo-Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell, are represented in "Cult Rapture" with artifacts of their ideology: racist propaganda, and artworks drawn by notorious convict Charles Manson.

Christian Patriots are first to describe their Satanic opposition as "Serpent People". For the exhibit, the overt Satanic organization "Brotherhood of the Snake", founded by Rex Diablos Church, will construct a Satanic, snake-worshipping altar within COCA's exhibition space, complete with a live snake pit.

The romance of death, a subject near to the hearts of Christians and Satanists alike, will be explored in the necrophilic network of New Orleans' Leilah Wendell and New York's George Higham.

The "Cult Rapture" book will be published in October by Feral House. Additionally, a band called "S.W.A.T." explores the new police state in "Deep Inside a Cop's Mind" on the label Amphetamine Reptile. Slated for release in August 1994, the CD/cassette features Adam Purfrey, Jim Good, Boyd Rice, Anton LaVey and the band Poison Idea.

For information on any of the above, or to contact Adam Purfrey, write: Feral House, PO Box 3466, Portland, OR 97208.



# CONTACT

## THE PHOENIX PROJECT

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 11

"WE DANCE AROUND THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE US DEAD"

NEWS REVIEW

\$2.00

JUNE 1, 1994

# Famine On The Way!

## Thank Henry Kissinger & Crooks In Washington

Contact, Christian Patriot conspiracy newspaper.



Rex Diablos Church in front of his Satanic altar. Photo by Ted Sequi.

# **CULT RAPTURE**

REVELATIONS of the APOCALYPTIC MIND



Cover of *Cult Rapture: Revelations of the Apocalyptic Mind*, painting by Mark Frlson.

# Telling Myself Stories No One Will Understand



THE DRAWINGS OF TOM MCKEE

"Big Pull Visits The County Seat" - 32" x 56", 1986



**T**om McKee has been creating his monochromatic robot nether-world for ten years. Each drawing is a small story unto itself—bustling with activity, visual surprises and, frequently, text.

McKee explains that these ink & pencil drawings are inspired by a variety of different sources.

"Underground comic people like S. Clay Wilson and comic artists such as Stnn Lee were important influences; the Chicago Imagist, Ed Paschke and Jim Nutt. Artists of the Renaissance period in northern Europe like Roger van der Weyden and Hieronymus Bosch were very big influences on my work."

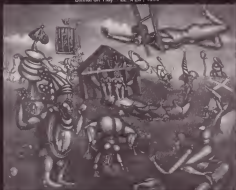
The artist also acknowledges that his obsession with horror and science fiction films has flavored this work, giving the drawings their particular alien quality. "I have about 1,500 to 1,700 movies on tape. Some of the very worst movies, films like 'Rock and Roll Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy', are my favorites. My work is a running joke to and about myself."

McKee's process is very pure and playful, reminiscent of the way children entertain themselves by drawing out their fantasies—it probably took years of training to regress this much. "I go into a drawing with no idea what I am going to do. When I draw a character I play off how I react to that figure and how they relate to each other to gradually develop a plot in my own mind. I am in a sense telling myself stories, much of which no one else will ever understand."

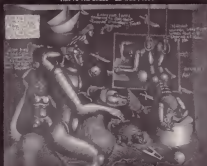
Tom McKee can be reached by writing PO Box 285, Selma, IN 47383 or calling (317) 289-5323. •



"Devour on Toy" - 22" x 20", 1994



"Visit To The Circus" - 22" x 26", 1994



"Salty Sinner' Man" - 22" x 26", 1994



"Spectacle" - 22" x 26", 1993



"Hot Dog" - 8" x 10", 1994



"Little Mamasita", 22" x 30", 1991



"Little Love Nest", 22" x 30", 1991

# IMPERFECT ANIMAL



RICH RETHORN



Close-up of a dinosaur's head with a red, fleshy, tongue-like structure.



A large, chaotic scene of a dinosaur battle with blood splatters.



"Prayer to the..."



"The presentation..."



"Blood of the..."



"The first thing..."



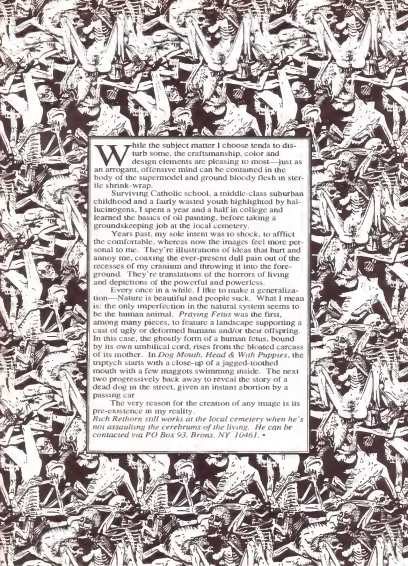
"The Death of Socrates"



"The Death of Socrates"



"The Death of Socrates"



While the subject matter I choose tends to disturb some, the craftsmanship, color and design elements are pleasing to most—just as an arrogant, offensive mind can be contained in the body of the supermodel and ground bloody flesh in sterile shrink-wrap.

Surviving Catholic school, a middle-class suburban childhood and a fairly wasted youth highlighted by hallucinogens, I spent a year and a half in college and learned the basics of oil painting, before taking a groundskeeping job at the local cemetery.

Years past, my sole intent was to shock, to afflict the comfortable, whereas now the images feel more personal to me. They're illustrations of ideas that hurt and annoy me, coaxing the ever-present dull pain out of the recesses of my cranium and throwing it into the foreground. They're translations of the horrors of living and depictions of the powerful and powerless.

Every once in a while, I like to make a generalization—Nature is beautiful and people suck. What I mean is: the only imperfection in the natural system seems to be the human animal. *Praying Fetus* was the first, among many pieces, to feature a landscape supporting a cast of ugly or deformed humans and/or their offspring. In this case, the ghostly form of a human fetus, bound by its own umbilical cord, rises from the bloated carcass of its mother. In *Dog Mouth, Head & With Puppies*, the triptych starts with a close-up of a jagged-toothed mouth with a few maggots swimming inside. The next two progressively back away to reveal the story of a dead dog in the street, given an instant abortion by a passing car.

The very reason for the creation of any image is its pre-existence in my reality.

*Rich Reithorn still works at the local cemetery when he's not assaulting the cerebrums of the living. He can be contacted via PO Box 93, Bronx, NY 10461. •*



# AVATAR OF THE LEFT HAND PATH



Earl Van Aken, pierced by Gauntlet.

# CHARLES GATEWOOD: CULTURAL CATALYST

— BY JEAN-CHRIS MILLER —



radiating from college with a degree in anthropology, Charles Gatewood began photographing the exploding counter-culture of America in the 1960's. His desire to be an ethnographer-to-the-revolution led to the narrower focus of documenting underground society, particularly the cults of tattooing, body piercing, S&M and B&D.

Gatewood's portrait of Fakir Musafar, hanging from a tree by hooks dug into his flesh (performing a Sioux ritual called a "Sundance") is an image that virtually started a revolution. This shocking photo was the catalyst for a seismic cultural shift five years ago, when it appeared in RE/Search Publication's now legendary "Modern Primitives" issue. It confirmed the growing notion in our collective subconscious that certain rites and rituals which had been purged from our psyches still had great importance and potency and needed to be resurrected.

Gatewood intuited that his photos of pierced genitalia, bodies tightly trussed and bound, and skin inked in extreme and interesting ways were significant in a larger sense than just morbid curiosity. His unflinching devotion to the subject matter over the past twenty years ignited the primitivist/tribalist movement that today permeates even the farthest reaches of our culture.

It's a tribute to his artistry that apart from a cultural record, Gatewood's work conveys what's behind the accoutrement of the flesh: that is the innate humanity and dignity in all people.

I spoke with Gatewood during his solo exhibition at the Clayton Gallery in New York City, "Rated X and Beyond" (the same exhibition police attempted to shut down in San Diego some months earlier, saved only by ACLU intervention).

You diffuse alot of the "freakishness" associated with your models' appearances; the viewer sees past the obvious into their souls. How do you achieve this?

Well my fascination is genuine and people sense that. I have a good reputation in the body arts community, that leads to trust and trust lead to expressions that are

open and that's how I get that kind of rapport which is everything in a portrait setting.

Also, I've been accepted into the family and as a family member I'm able to get pictures that are relaxed, natural and dig a little deeper than what some stranger might do.

What do you think your work says as a body of material? Historically, what will people say about you 50 or 100 years down the line?

I've been systematically documenting this subject for almost 20 years. When I started there were virtually no books on the subject, before Spader Webb and I did "Pushing Ink, The Art of Tattooing" in 1976, there were no magazines or books on tattoos—nothing. So historically, I did some of the early books and pictures.

Introducing Fakir Musafar to the people at

RE/Search Publications helped initiate the "Modern Primitives" issue, which contains alot of my work and has become a sort of bible to alot of people around the world. It's changed the thinking of so many people. That might be the single most important thing I've ever done in terms of effecting thinking and behavior.

You're also documenting these sub-cultures with a series of videotapes. Why did you choose that medium?

Videos offer the most information because people show and tell. They say why they did it, who did it and how it was done. They talk about transformation and empowerment.

Do you get the same sort of artistic satisfaction working in video as you do in photography?

Not in the same way. When I want to do something artistic with a capital "A", I reach for my camera

and black & white film. To me, video is more about information. It's wonderful for ethnography because it moves, it talks, it has color—just alot of information.

In your book, "Primitives, Tribal Body Art and the Left Hand Path", you speak of the tattoo and piercing cultures in terms of "body work" and "body play". Can you explain what these phrases mean?

Well there's all kinds of ways to work the body—there's all kinds of exercise. You can even modify the body. I would put body modification under body work. And that can be anything from liposuction to plastic surgery to tattooing, piercing, shaving, branding, scarification, changing the color of your hair, contact lenses—



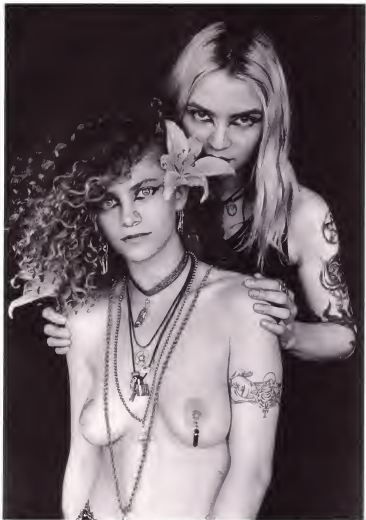
Charles Gatewood, photographed by Roy Sundance



Theresa Dutton, tattooed by Bill Salmon (snake, ivy) & Vvryn Lazonga



Vito McConelli: navel tattoo by Gumby, piercings by Gauntlet.



Bubbles, tattooed by Jarne Trujillo, piercings by Susan & Big Ed. Angel Starr, tattooed by Alaska Mike.

there's lots of ways to modify the body.

"Work" suggests that you're going towards some goal, and "play" implies it's more for pleasure, for fun.

#### What is the left-hand path?

That's a term that comes from spiritual disciplines, it implies that there's a path and there's a journey and that the person on the path is a seeker in the spiritual world. Most paths are traditional, they're called the "right-hand paths": prayer, devotion, meditation, service, compassion and love and so on.

The "left-hand path" is not so common because it involves pain, suffering, rites & rituals that look bizarre to most people...a fakir in India lying on a bed of nails, hanging by hooks in your skin from trees, flagellation, people who seal themselves in caves for ten years or walk across a bed of coals. These are more radical forms of spiritual progress but one assumes they lead people to the same place. They're still seekers and they're still on a path.

I think it's appropriate when we talk about body art because so many people consider body art a deviant, painful way to do things. I think alot of people who are into body art are seekers and I like putting it into a spiritual context.

A lot of people would consider the more radical types of body modification demonic or twisted—you open up the possibility that it's part of the same quest.

Yeah. I practice Wicca and I go to alot of Pagan ceremonies. Wicca is a left-hand spiritual discipline. A lot of people think that witchcraft is a dark, evil way to go about things, but that's Satanism, that's a whole different trip.

Talk to anybody who practices these left-hand disciplines and they can tell you it may involve pain and all, but they also get into really ecstatic and transcendental states. Fakir Musafir says he's hung out with God during the Sundance ritual. Call it "deliverance through excess" or "transcendence through excess". And the people who practice these things, their experiences are as valid, obviously, as anybody else's.

Anthropologically, how do you account for the increased awareness and acceptance of body modification—tattooing and piercing were previously deemed "taboo" and they aren't any more.

Well, I call it cultural diffusion in action. It happens rather frequently that something that was extremely marginal comes into the mainstream and is adopted by a

large number of people. For example, marijuana was once only used by a handful of black musicians in New Orleans and now every kid in Omaha is doing it.

In the same vein, 25-30 years ago, body piercing was being practiced by a handful of gay men on both coasts, no one else. Now every kid in Kansas is getting his penis pierced. So it's cultural diffusion and I'm happy to say I had something to do with that.

What would you like to do that you haven't been able to do?

I have an incredible archive and am very interested in doing a large art book on tattoos, but I'm not equipped for a big pressing. I'd welcome inquiries from the big publishing houses regarding putting out tattoo books. There's just a well-spring of material I've never done anything with.

Why have you remained focused on body art and body modification for so many years?

I came into body art on a superficial/fetishistic level. I found it visually exciting, arousing—it stimulated me. I used to ask myself, "Why am I obsessed with this subject?" Then it started changing my life. So much so that I sold my house in New York and moved to San Francisco to be near the scene, to be part of the community. From body art I got into Paganism, studying with Fakir...I began to perform the rituals myself. It has changed not only my life but my beliefs. It's taken me deeper spiritually, by sticking with it, it's become the most profound thing that's ever happened to me. I came into that world as an outsider and to be accepted into this family is an honor.

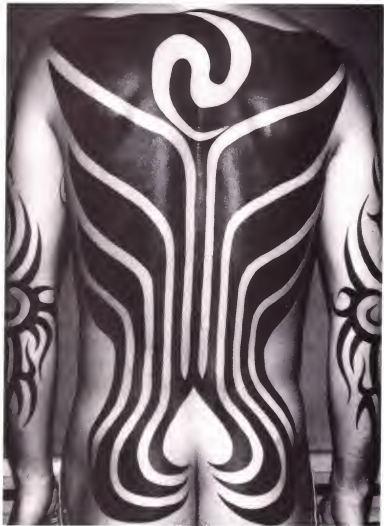
Charles Gatewood's latest project is a Tribal/Body Art/Pagan

Circus. It features tattooists, holly dancers, S&M scenes, ritual drumming—an eclectic and electric celebration. He premieres his spectacle August 20th in Seattle, at the King Performance Center, and plans to eventually tour the show across the country.

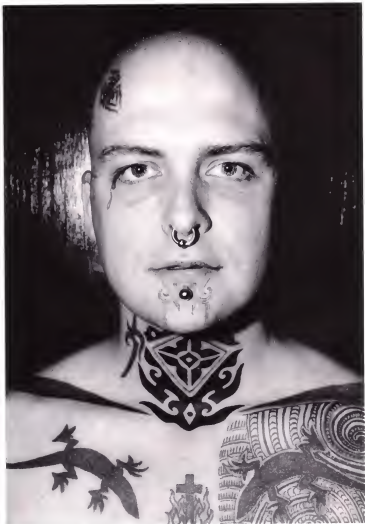
Gatewood's most recent photographic books, "Charles Gatewood Photographs" and "Primitives", are available through Flash Publications, Box 410052, San Francisco, CA 94141. For a complete catalog of available books and videos, call 415-267-7651.



Viva McConnell



Kirk, tattooed by Leo Zulzeta



Ron Atkey. Tattooed by Jill Jordan, Bob Roberts, Alex Benne, Leo Zulueta. Piercings by Crystal Cross, Brian Murphy/Gauntlet





Darcy Anarchy, piercings by Raelyn Galka & Karen Hunt/Gauntlet.



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